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The Country Life

Anon

I like to rise when the sun she rises
Early in the morning
I like to hear them small birds singing
Merrily upon their lay-land
And hurrah for the life of a country boy
And to ramble in the new mown hay

In the spring we sow, in the harvest mow
That's how the seasons around they go
But of all the times if choose I may
It's to ramble on the new mown hay

In the winter when the sky is grey
We edge and we ditch our time away
But in the summer when the sun shines gay
We go rambling in the new mown hay

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Quote of the moment:

MEOW...SPLAT...RUFF...SPLAT...(Raining cats and dogs)

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